

3 years
difference in the age

The law says that all "bottled-in-bond whiskey" must be at least four years old.

But we say that four years isn't sufficient to properly age whiskey.

Old
James E. Pepper

Bottled in Bond

Order by Mail

4 Full quarts, 7-year-old \$5.00
(Bottled in Bond)

12 Full quarts, 7-year-old \$15.00
(Bottled in Bond)

Sent express prepaid in plain package.

T. J. MURPHY, 881 Main St.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Administrator's Sale By AUCTION

House and Lot, 1105 North Avenue

**SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO
SECURE A HOME**

Must be sold to close estate of Thomas Knablin, deceased

Sale on Premises, June 26, 1909, 2:30 p. m.

PATRICK KANE, Administrator

SUMMER GOODS

PORCH ROCKERS, CHAIRS AND SETTEES, U. S.
NAVY HAMMOCKS, AND REFRIGERATORS
THE WENTWORTH FURNITURE CO., Inc.

THE COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS 115 JOHN STREET

JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE.
4 Doors Above Broad St.

High class Furniture, Draperies and Novelties, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, Shades and Curtains in great variety.

All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England.

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

THIS MEANS YOU!

A POINTER

How To Improve Business

ONE-OF THE MOST ESSENTIAL
REQUISITES TO AN UP-TO-DATE,
MODERN BUSINESS, IS A SELECT
AND WELL-PRINTED ASSORT-
MENT OF OFFICE STATIONERY.
"A MAN IS JUDGED BY THE COM-
PANY HE KEEPS." THE SAME
RULE APPLIES TO THE STATION-
ERY OF BUSINESS MEN.

The Farmer Publishing Co.

Book and Job
Printers

27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

THE FIGHTER

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Author of "Caleb Conover, Railroadman," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's Trail," etc.

NEW YORK

FRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY

1909

Copyright, 1909, by Albert Payson Terhune

(Continued.)

"I-I don't quite know yet," she made reply, unreasonably scared by his sudden glance. "We shall probably stay in town rather late this year."

"Good!" approved Caleb. "I hope we'll see a lot of each other."

And looking into his light, masterful eyes, the girl knew all at once that she would not have the wit nor the nerve to avoid him. The knowledge turned her sick. Her round, helpless gaze shifted involuntarily to Desiree, as the nearest woman to her. And, under the genuine fright behind her appeal, the steel glint that had of a sudden hardened Desiree's big eyes, softened unaccountably. A quick sentence that had risen to her lips died unborn.

For a moment before convention could lower the veil, the two women read each other to the very soul, and what the brief glance told her, Letty drew her breath with a sharp intake that made Conover glance at her inquiringly. To cover her confusion, Miss Standish plunged into speech on the first subject that crossed her mind.

"I hope you don't mind Uncle Guy's rudeness, Mr. Conover," she barked. "He really doesn't mean half the cross things he says. He suffers so dreadfully from dyspepsia and—and there are sometimes family troubles, too, that—"

"I know," assented Caleb. "I've heard. Married a wife that was too rich for him. She don't always agree with him. I hear, an' I s'pose it gives him mental indigestion. No offence. I forgot they're relatives of yours."

"I'm sorry, just the same, that he spoke so threateningly to you," went on Letty.

She found it so easy to talk to him now. A weight seemed off her heart.

"Threats don't keep me guessin' very much," Conover reassured her, delighted at her new ease of bearing toward him. "No one's goin' to do a rich man any real harm or hold grrouches against him. To him that hath, it shall be forgiven. That's in the Bible ain't it? Or somethin' like it. The trouble with men like your uncle is that they don't see any farther ahead than their noses."

"I'm afraid he's a little bit of a case," she said. "But they're always facin' 'em."

He felt he was talking amazingly well. He was almost enjoying himself. Desiree, having sat in troubled silence for some minutes, rose abruptly and proposed that they should go.

Letty Standish, with a warm departure, was saying over and over to herself in a rapturous sing-song: "She won't let him make love to me. She won't! She won't!"

CHAPTER XV

Caleb Conover Lies.

One morning, a week or so later, Caleb strolled into the private office. Under the young newspaper owner's customary jauntiness was a hint of something more serious. Conover, as skilled in reading men as he was ignorant in deciphering any problem relating to woman, was aware at a glance of the subtle change.

"Sit down," he said, motioning to his secretary to go. "What's wrong? If you're scared because Steeloid fell off three-quarters of yesterday, you can rest easy. I did it myself on 'match' sales and a few others."

"It isn't Steeloid," said Caleb. "It's nothing that really concerns me. I thought you really wanted to know about it."

"Fire away, then," vouchsafed Caleb. "I've cleared. The gold an' red belts are nice to look at. But if you want something that tastes better'n it looks, try one of the pan-tales. The ones without illustrations on 'em. Now what is it?"

"It's about Miss Shevlin," began Caleb, with reluctance.

Conover's massive calm fled. He brought down his crossed legs from the desk corner with a bang and whirled his chair about.

"Speak it out quick!" he ordered sharply. "Ain't sick, is she?"

"No, no. This is different. You've heard of Ex-Governor Parkman's plan to start an anti-graft crusade, of course?"

"Sure!" grinned Caleb. "Them droozies are as certain as measles. Every city goes through 'em once in a while. They don't do any real hurt and they can't tie up my business so as to bother me any. Let 'em crossade 'till they're black in the face. It'll be good for you newspaper fellers, an' it won't harm anybody it's aimed at. But," uneasily, "what's that got to do with Dey?"

"I'm coming to the point if you'll give me a chance. Parkman's preparin' a set of ten or twelve articles on how municipal funds are squandered at present but how they were misapplied in the past. In the course of his investigation, he has come to the City Hall and the County Court House."

"Well?" queried Conover. "What then? Both of 'em was built ten years ago. That's over an' done with."

"The Shevlin Contracting Company did the work," interpolated Caleb. "What of that? Neither building's caved in, has it?"

"Not yet. Though, if all Parkman claims is true, I don't know why they haven't. He claims to me this morning with the whole story. Froofs, affidavits and all. He wants to give the Star first chance to publish the exposure. He told him to come back at noon, and—"

"What exposure?" asked Caleb in perplexity.

"It seems he took pains to hunt up the original specifications on both buildings. And then he hired an architectural expert to go over the plans and the work and see how the two agreed. Thus far, he has found cheap foundations and sandstone bedding where the best concrete and granite were called for. Stucco has been used in no less than four corridors where the plans called for perfect masonry. What in blazes is the matter with you and Parkman? You've bit into a mare's nest, an' any practical man'll tell you so. Of course a contractor's goin' to make what he can on a job. He ain't in the business for his health or to endow the city."

"He's got to get his an' the city's money out of it," said Caleb. "He's got to get theirs. An' that bein' so, how's he goin' to follow out all the architect's specifications an' still make the right money out of it? He can't. I thought every body knew that much politics."

"Conover," observed Caleb, in unwilling admiration, "I've heard people say you're a man of bad morals. It isn't true. You're simply a man of no morals at all. Do you mean to say—?"

"I mean to say business is business an' politics is business too. I never heard of any good comin' from mixin' up morals with either of 'em. If you came here to-day to tell me this story, with an idea that I'd sign my manly brow an' say: 'Great heaven! Can such things be?' you've brought your spruce party to the wrong house. Of course, Shevlin made a good thing out of those two buildin's. Even after the folks higher up had got their rake

off. I guess he must a' cleared up close to \$300,000. An' that the old fool went an' blowed it all in Wall Street an' died before he could make a new pile. But, say! What's this got to do with—"

"With this 'mare's nest,' as you call it, that Parkman has unearthed, may practice business to you and to other people out of ten it will have very much the look of bare-faced robbery."

"That's what it will prove the big-gest newspaper sensation of the year. Mr. Shevlin will be everywhere spoken of as—"

"Catch your meanin'!" broke in Caleb. "The 'Holler'n' Thous' crowd'll raise a yell, drag Shevlin out of his mug, con'table grave an' croocify him. The man on the street as the rottenest of the century. An' ev'rywhere Dey goes, folks'll nudge each other an' whisper: 'The old clo's was bought out of the dough the very man stole from the city.' An' all the time there's no less than a dozen cases of city graft goin' on in Granite to-day that are raw enough to make Shevlin's deals look like a game of Old Maid!"

"He muttered, dropping his head on his chest in thought. If Dey had gone to his manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"The price ain't all ways money," he said. "I put out of Parkman till I could see you," explained Caleb. "He came direct to me with the news. It's tucked in his chest in his town. If he had gone to my manag'ing editor instead, there would be a scare-head Extra on the streets by now."

"There'll be a record—if it's needed," countered the Fighter. "That's the easiest part of it all. But it won't be needed. My say-so will be believed for once. Folks won't s'pose a man would accuse himself of bein' a crook if he was really on the square."

"Do as you please," replied Caleb impatiently, "but don't keep up the farce with me."

"All right," assented Caleb with cheerful acquiescence. "I won't, if it jars you. But that's the story that's goin' out under my name. An' you're the man who's goin' to help me. Now listen to me, an' be sure you get my instructions right. An' don't butt in with any objections. Because I need you to help me. If you don't some other papers will. May as well get a 'beat' for the Star. Besides, you know I can help folks sometimes who helps me. There's other deals besides Steeloid. Will you stand by me? Is it a go?"

The Fighter's tone had deepened to a growl that held more menace than appeal. His eyes were fixed in scowling command on the visitor's face.

"This cringing attitude of yours touches me to the heart," said Caleb, speaking lightly, though he felt the other's magnetic domination throughout his entire being. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you," dictated Conover, "to go back to your office and send for your best reporter. Don't put this up to your managin' editor, but handle it yourself. The reporter will work a lot better when he thinks it's a story the owner's interest in. That's work-man-nature, ain't it?"

"Go ahead," smiled Caleb, fighting against that merciless domination which found expression in the man himself, not in his words.

(To be Continued.)

Everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation, stomach and liver trouble, as it sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxatives. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative to-day? F. B. Brill, local agent. *135

CANNON STATION

Mrs. Theodore Carter will close her school on Tuesday June 29th with appropriate exercises, ice cream and cake will be served on the lawn.

Mrs. P. B. Percy, of Weston, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jennings of Sport Hill, have been recent guests of Mrs. Helen Godfrey.

Mrs. W. L. Douglass spent Saturday in Washington, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Nichols who were guests at the home of Mrs. A. H. Sturges last week, returned to Brooklyn on Friday.

Mrs. W. B. Hill is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherwood in Weston.

Mrs. Mary White has received word of the birth of a little girl to her daughter, Mrs. Ely Talcott Hyder, of New York.

The "Cannoniers" will go into camp at Washington, Conn., on June 26th, for a short stay.

Mrs. Barbara Willing has been entertaining her sister, Miss Maggie Schubert Redding and friends from Connecticut at the desk.

Miss Henrietta Willing returned to New York Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. B. Hill is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherwood in Weston.

Mrs. Mary White has received word of the birth of a little girl to her daughter, Mrs. Ely Talcott Hyder, of New York.

The "Cannoniers" will go into camp at Washington, Conn., on June 26th, for a short stay.

Mrs. Barbara Willing has been entertaining her sister, Miss Maggie Schubert Redding and friends from Connecticut at the desk.

Miss Henrietta Willing returned to New York Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. B. Hill is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherwood in Weston.

Mrs. Mary White has received word of the birth of a little girl to her daughter, Mrs. Ely Talcott Hyder, of New York.

The "Cannoniers" will go into camp at Washington, Conn., on June 26th, for a short stay.

Mrs. Barbara Willing has been entertaining her sister, Miss Maggie Schubert Redding and friends from Connecticut at the desk.

Miss Henrietta Willing returned to New York Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. B. Hill is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherwood in Weston.

Mrs. Mary White has received word of the birth of a little girl to her daughter, Mrs. Ely Talcott Hyder, of New York.

The "Cannoniers" will go into camp at Washington, Conn., on June 26th, for a short stay.

Mrs. Barbara Willing has been entertaining her sister, Miss Maggie Schubert Redding and friends from Connecticut at the desk.

Miss Henrietta Willing returned to New York Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. B. Hill is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherwood in Weston.

Mrs. Mary White has received word of the birth of a little girl to her daughter, Mrs. Ely Talcott Hyder, of New York.

The "Cannoniers" will go